As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I muſt needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Ieſus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you ſouldier, There is a ſilling for you,
And keepe your ſelfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and diſſentions,
And looke you, it ſhall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money ſir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good ſilling man:
Why ſhould you be queamiſh?
Your ſhooes are not ſo good.
It will ſerue you to mend your ſhooes.

Kin. What men of ſort are taken vncklel?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, beſides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thouſand
French, that in the fielde lyes ſlaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Conſtanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonſon*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Maſter of France.
The braue ſir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Roſſe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Leſtra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowſhip of death,
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire,
And of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praiſe:

When

When without ſtratageme,
And euen in ſhocke of battell, was euer heard
So great and little loſſe, on one part and anothe
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on proceſſion through
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boaſt heereof, or take the praiſe from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it pleaſe your Maieſty
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great g

kin. Let there be ſung Nououes and Te Deu
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier

Exit

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke
Saint *Danies* is paſt?

Flew. There is occaſion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Piſtolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other
And brings bread and ſalt, and biddes mee
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could mooue no diſſentions,
But if I can ſee him, I ſhall tell him
A little of my deſires.

Gow. Heere he comes ſwelling like a Turk